

A close-up photograph of a person's hand holding a large, translucent crystal. The crystal has a vibrant, multi-colored glow with streaks of yellow, green, blue, and pink. It appears to be made of multiple smaller crystals fused together. The hand is positioned palm-up, with the crystal resting on the palm. The background is dark and out of focus.

GHOST APOCALYPSE



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Ghost Apocalypse

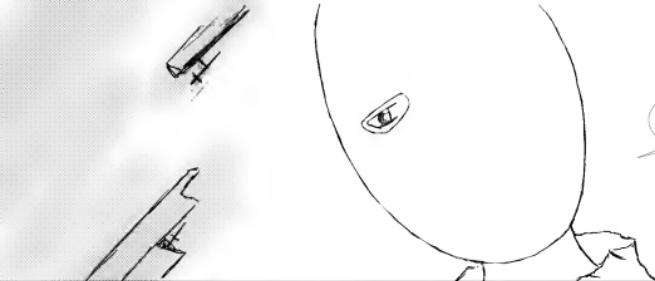
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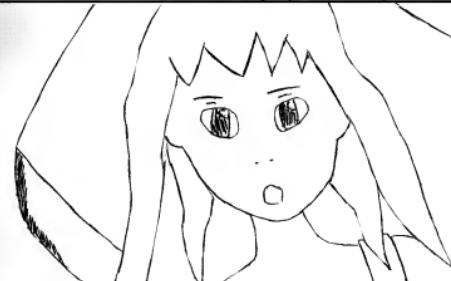
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ARE YOU OKAY?



WELL, I'M STILL ALIVE.
WHAT HAPPENED?



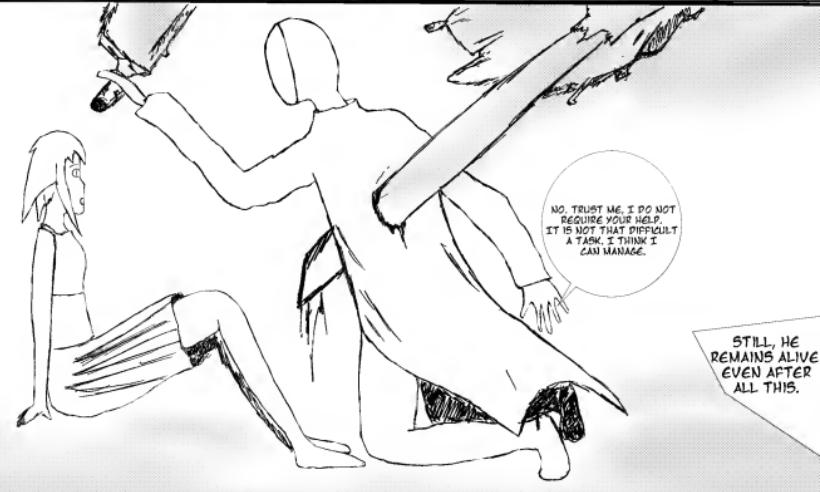
A FLESH WOUND?
CAN YOU EVEN MOVE?
FROM WHAT I CAN TELL,
WE HAVE PRETTY DIFFERENT
DEFINITIONS ABOUT "FINE".



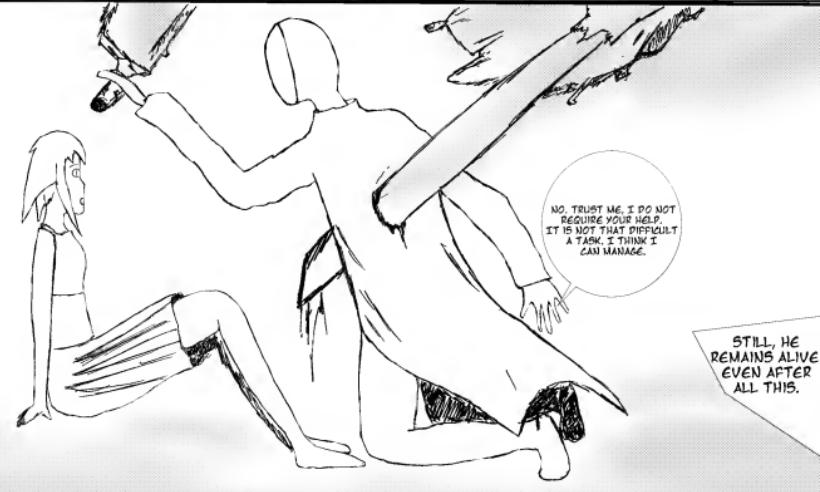
WHAT THIS?
I AM FINE.
DO NOT WORRY.
IT IS JUST A
FLESH WOUND.



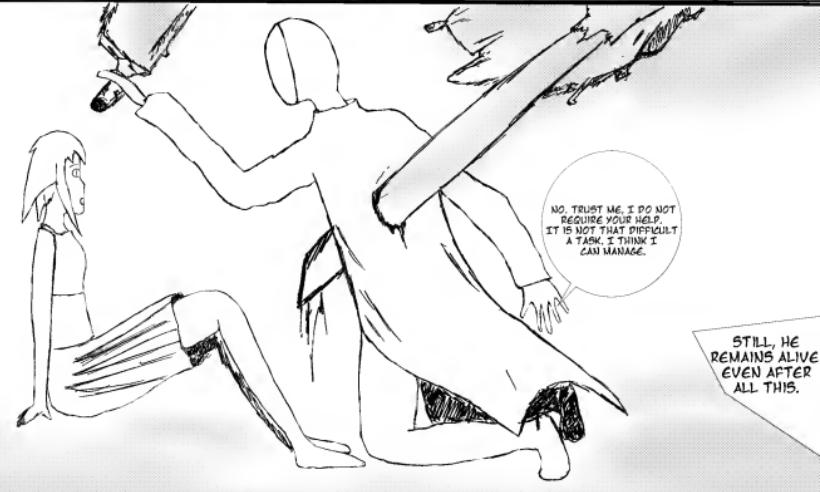
OH GOD.
WHY ARE YOU EVEN
WORRYING ABOUT ME
RIGHT NOW? LOOK
AT WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOU.



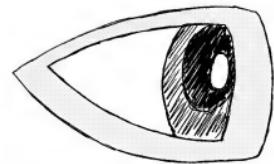
LET ME HELP YOU
GET OUT OF THIS.



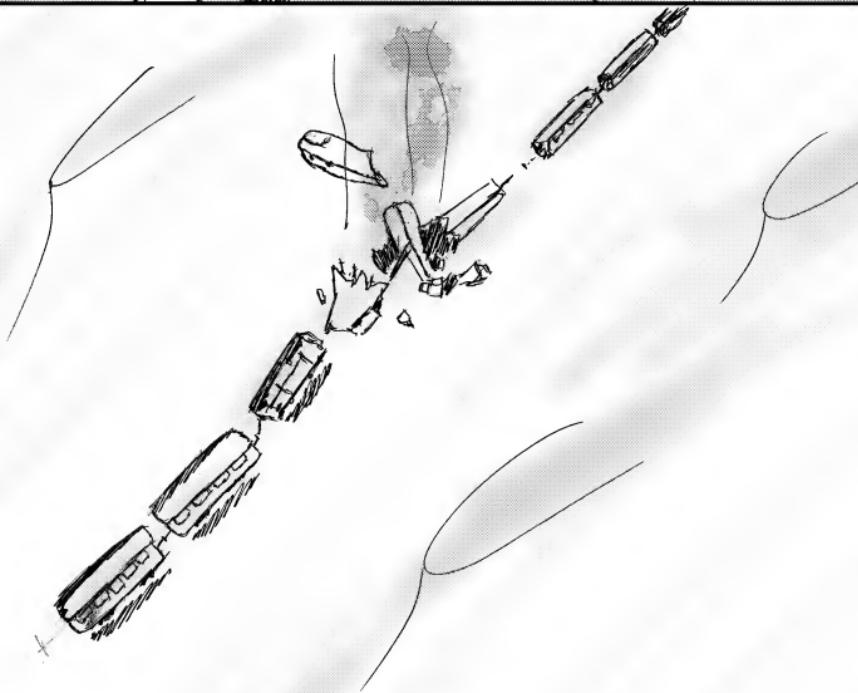
NO, TRUST ME, I DO NOT
REQUIRE YOUR HELP.
IT IS NOT THAT DIFFICULT
A TASK, I THINK I
CAN MANAGE.

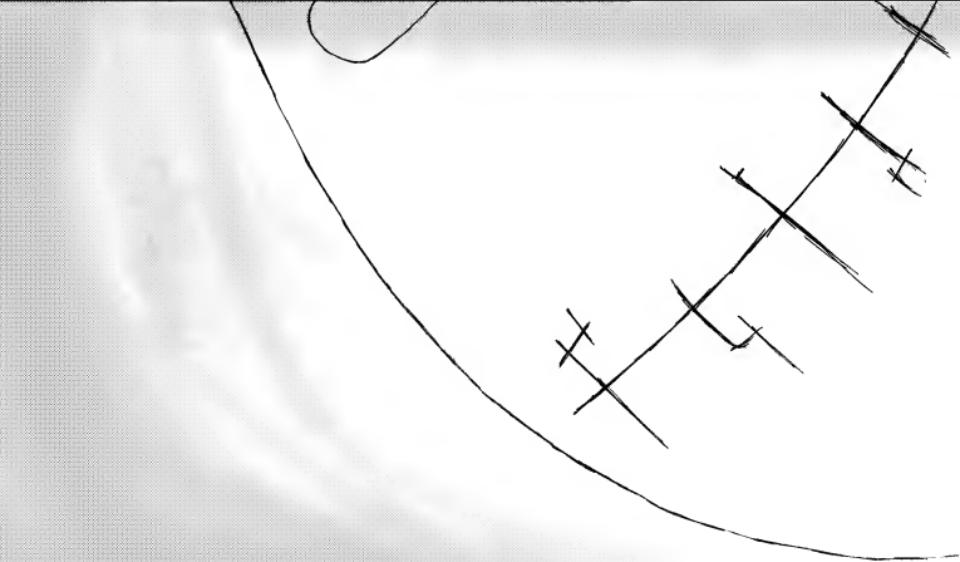
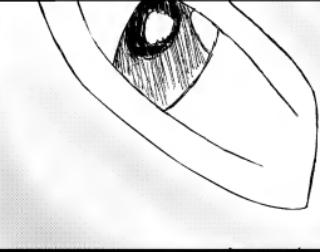
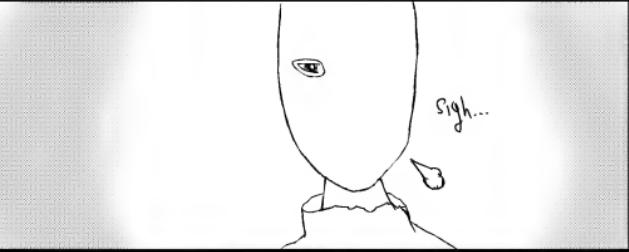
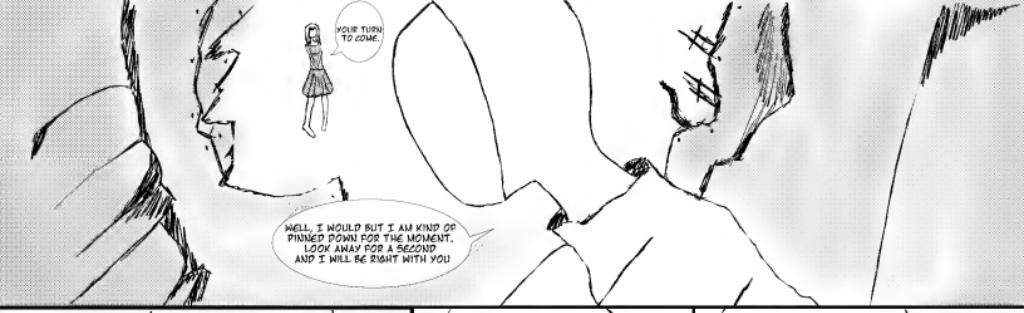


STILL, HE
REMAINS ALIVE
EVEN AFTER
ALL THIS.



DO US BOTH A FAVOR,
GET OUT OF HERE, BEFORE
THIS WHOLE THING CRASHES
DOWN ON US. WE DON'T
HAVE ANY MORE PROBLEMS.





I NEVER THOUGHT I WOULD
BE PULLING SOMETHING
THAT BIG OUT OF MY BODY.



I WAS FEELING READY TO SNEEZE...
THE WIND WAS COMING IN,
AND WHEEZING OUT OF ME.



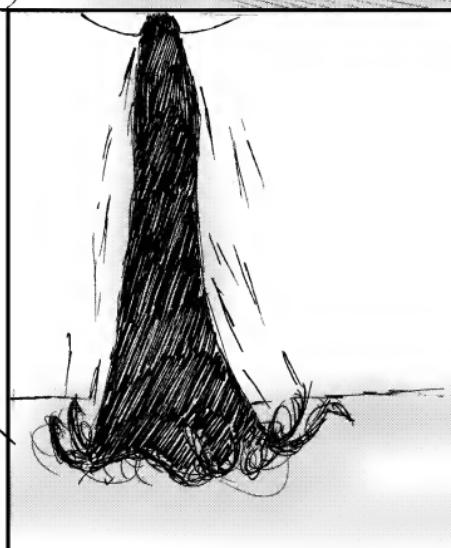
I HAD NO IDEA WHY I FELT
THE NEED TO DO THIS.
WHY THERE WAS THIS UNNAMEABLE
THROBBING INSIDE ME.

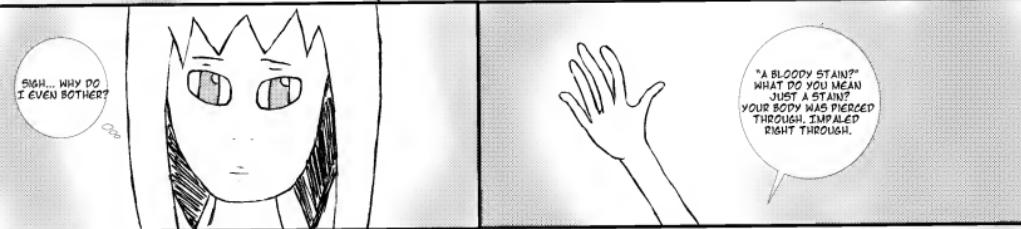
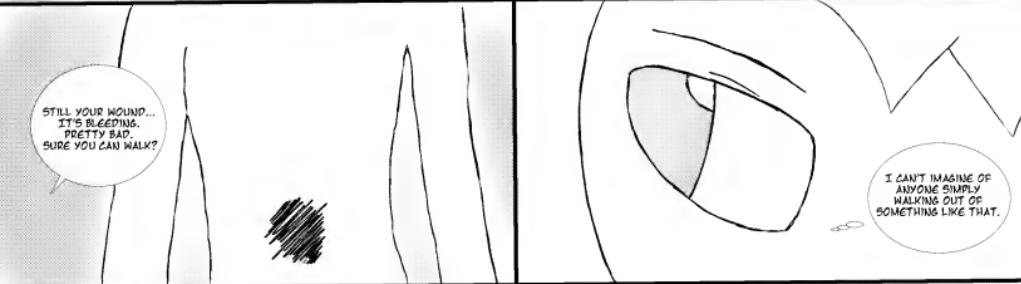
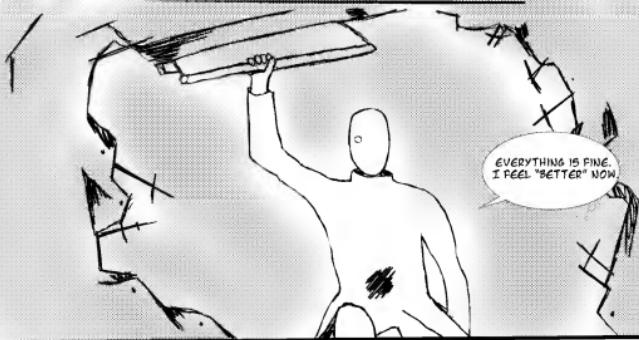


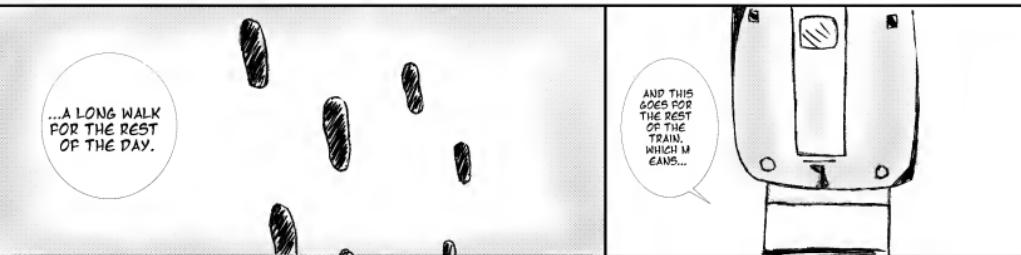
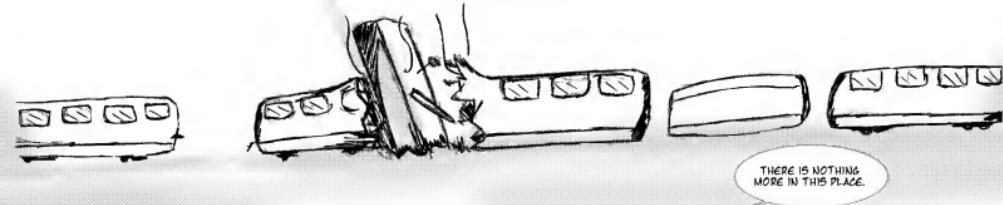
MY MASK!
MY MASK IS BREAKING!

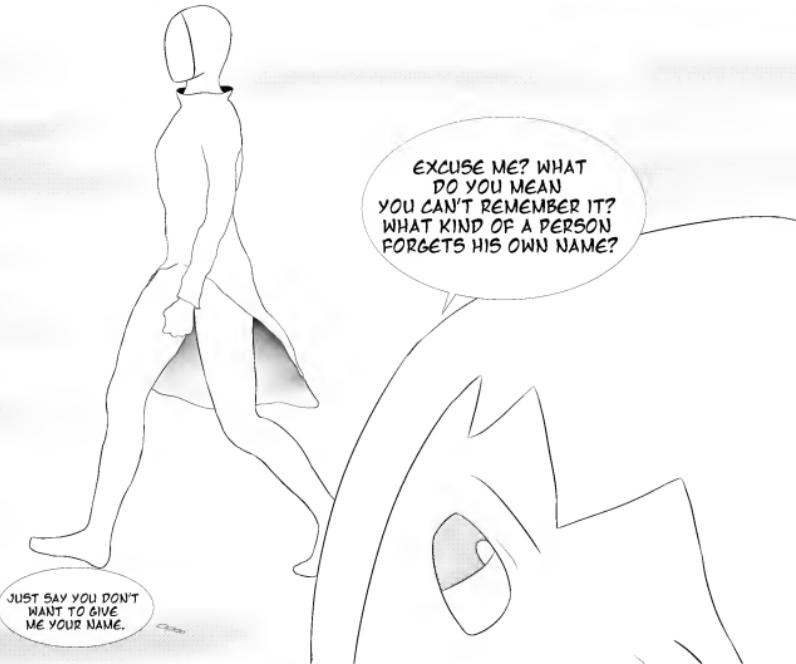
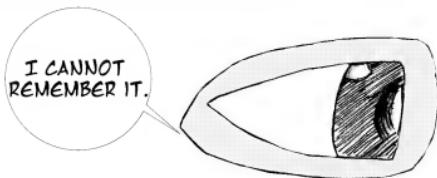
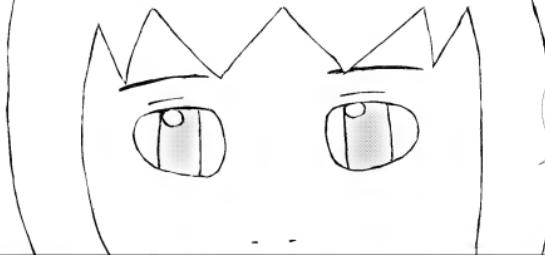


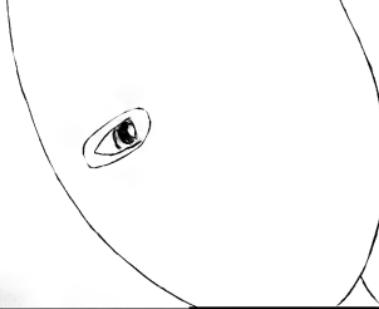
I DID NOT PUT ANY GREAT THINKING
BEHIND THIS. THERE WAS NOT
ANY MOTIVE. I SIMPLY
DID IT... JUST THAT.



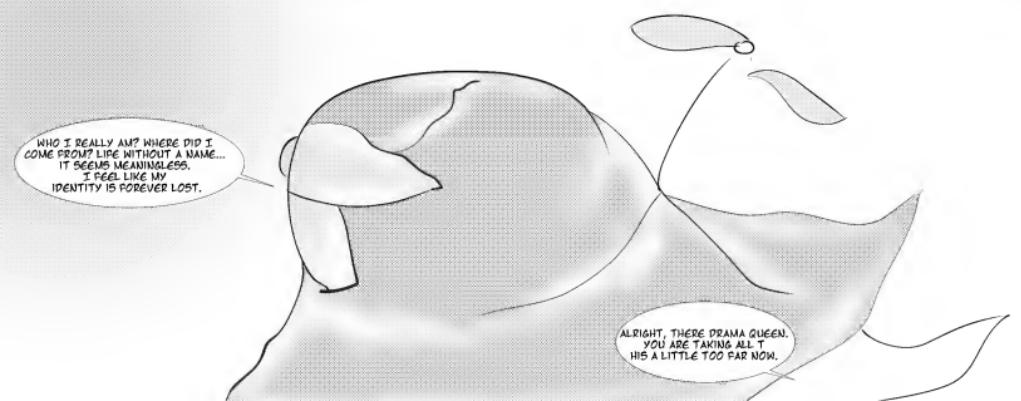
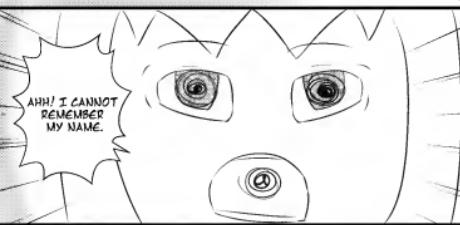








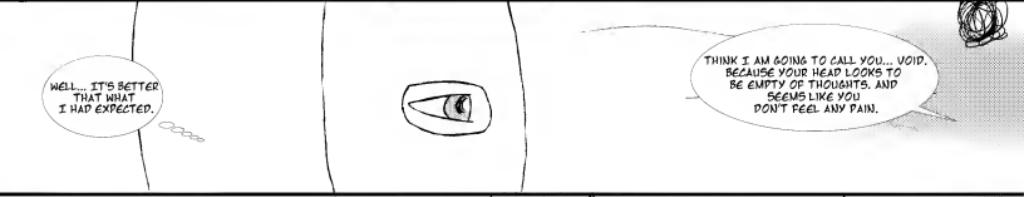
I AM TELLING THE
TRUTH ABOUT THAT.
I CANNOT REMEMBER MY NAME.
WHY? CAN YOU REMEMBER
YOUR OWN NAME?





ALRIGHT THEN, I HAVE A SUGGESTION.
WHY DON'T WE NAME EACH OTHER?
YOU KNOW GIVE EACH OTHER
NAMES BASED ON OUR IMAGINATION.

ALL THIS IS
JUST CHILDISH.



WELL... IT'S BETTER
THAT WHAT
I HAD EXPECTED.

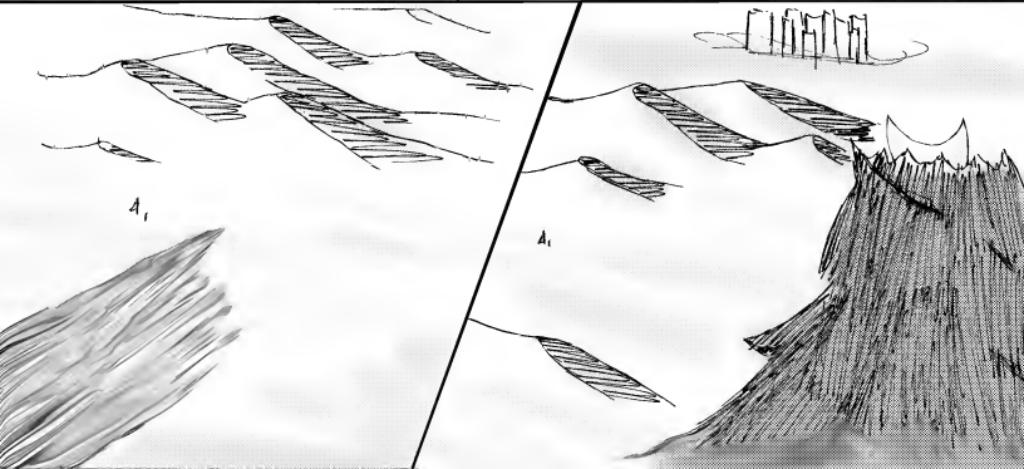
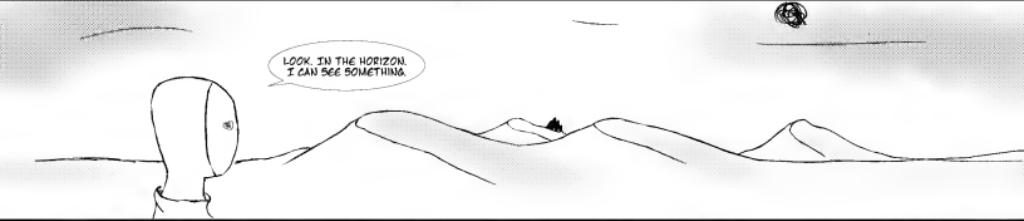
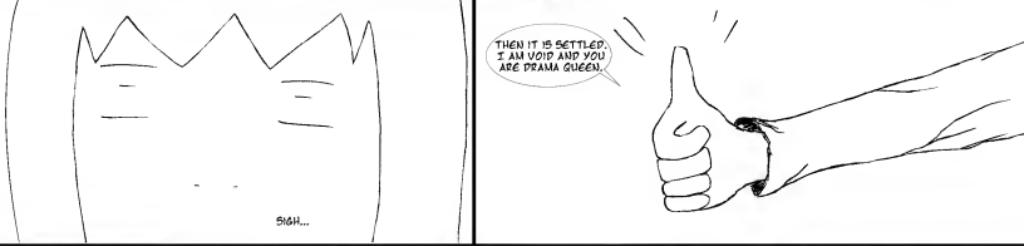
THINK I AM GOING TO CALL YOU... VOID,
BECAUSE YOUR HEAD LOOKS TO
BE EMPTY OF THOUGHTS. AND
SEEMS LIKE YOU
DON'T FEEL ANY PAIN.



IF WE ARE GOING WITH THIS THEN...
I SHALL CALL YOU DRAMA QUEEN.
BECAUSE YOU HAD SUCH
A STRONG REACTION LATER.

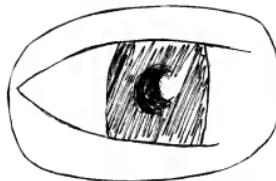


SERIOUSLY, THAT'S THE BEST YOU COULD
COME UP WITH? MY REACTION EARLIER
SEEMED PERFECTLY NATURAL.
IT'S NOT LIKE I REALIZE I DON'T
REMEMBER MY OWN NAME OR
SOMETHING AS VITAL EVERY PASSING DAY



THERE IS SOMETHING ODD HERE.
IT IS LIKE WE HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE.
LIKE WE HAVE SEEN THIS
ENTIRE SCENERY BEFORE.

WE SHOULD BE GETTING
CLOSER TO THIS BUILDING,
NOT KEEPING THE SAME
DISTANCE BETWEEN US.



DON'T BE SILLY
WE'VE BEEN GOING AT
THE SAME DIRECTION
FOR SOME TIME NOW.

CAN IT BE POSSIBLE THAT
WE ARE MAKING CIRCLES?

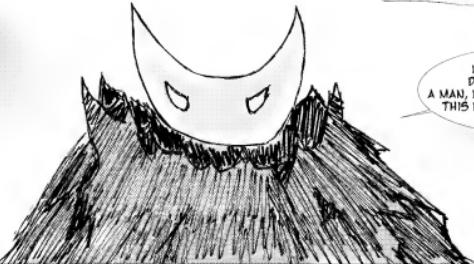
THIS IS
STRANGE

AH YES
YOU ARE RIGHT

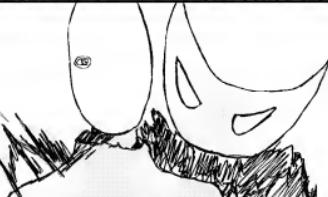


WHAT THE....





WELL, WELL, WHAT
DO WE HAVE HERE?
A MAN, WHO WALKS ALL ALONE IN
THIS DESERTED WASTELAND.



CAN YOU EVEN FEEL
MY TOUCH OVER
YOUR LIMB?

BRR, SO COLD.
IT'S SO STRANGE.
IT'S LIKE YOU'RE
NOT EVEN ALIVE.



AND WHAT DO
WE HAVE HERE?
A GIRL, HOW REFRESHING!
I BARILY PAID ANY
ATTENTION TO YOU,
WITH YOU, IT'S NOT
LIKE YOU AREN'T ALIVE.
IT IS AS IF YOU
DO NOT EVEN EXIST AT ALL.



AND WHAT DO
WE HAVE HERE?
I SENSE SOMEONE
ELSE BEING WITH YOU.



I REALLY AM
HILARIOUS, ARENT I?
BUT DONT GET ME WRESTS,
IT'S NOT LIKE I CAN SEE YOUR
FACE TURNING RED NOW,
CAN I, MASK BOY?

HHAHHAHHA



I AM NO ONE.
I HAVE
NEVER BEEN
ANYONE BEFORE.

NOT AT ALL. I
AM A TRAVELER, WHO HAS
BY THE AREA AND HAD THE
BENEVOLENT FORTUNE OF
STUMBLING UPON YOU.



WHO ARE YOU?
HOW DO YOU KNOW SO
MUCH ABOUT US?
ARE YOU THE ONE WHO
CREATED THE TRAIN STATION?

WHAT IS THIS FEELING I AM
GETTING... IT IS LIKE A PREMONITION...
AS IF I KNEW THIS
COULD HAPPEN... IS IT A WARNING?
NO. IT ISN'T THAT ONE. IS IT A SIGN?
CURSES, WHY IS IT SO HARD TO R
EMEMBER SOMETHING IN THE PARAKOSMOS...

....A CHAIN OF EVENTS...

I CAN FEEL MY THOUGHTS... LINING...
BECOMING LIKE A CHAIN OF EVENTS.
BUT THAT SHOULDN'T BE. IT'S NOT RIGHT.
YET THERE IS SOMETHING STRANGE HERE.
A DIFFERENCE. AS IF SOMEONE HAS TOLD
ME ABOUT THIS BEFORE. THIS
THING... CHANGING SOMETHING...

ALAS, MY VISIT
HERE HAS
COME TO AN END.
I HAVE SOMETHING
THAT NEED
TO ATTEND TO. UNTIL
WE MEET ONCE MORE.

HOLD ON, I NEED TO
ASK YOU SOME THINGS.

IF YOU WERE ASKED TO POINT TOWARDS
THE WRONG DIRECTION TO WHERE
THE PORTAL OF STRANGENESS LIES NOT...

I THOUGHT YOU
WERE FAMILIAR
WITH THE PLACES
AROUND HERE.
ARE YOU NOT?

WHY WOULD YOU
ASK ME THAT?
WHY SHOULD
I KNOW SUCH
AN INFORMATION?

... WHERE
WOULD
YOU
POINT?





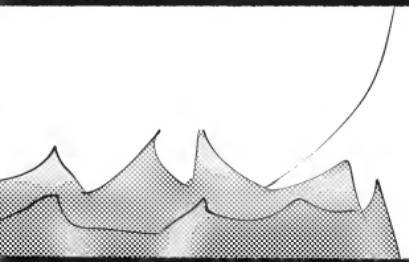
DON'T TAKE
MY WORD
TO YOUR HEART.
FOR ALL YOU KNOW,
THIS CAN BE A LIE.



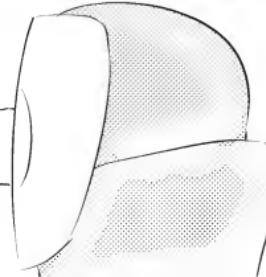
I DON'T CARE FOR
YOUR WARNING.
I WILL FOLLOW
YOUR DIRECTION.



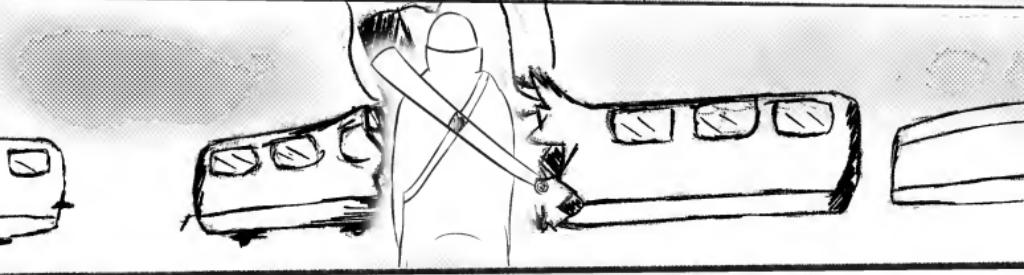
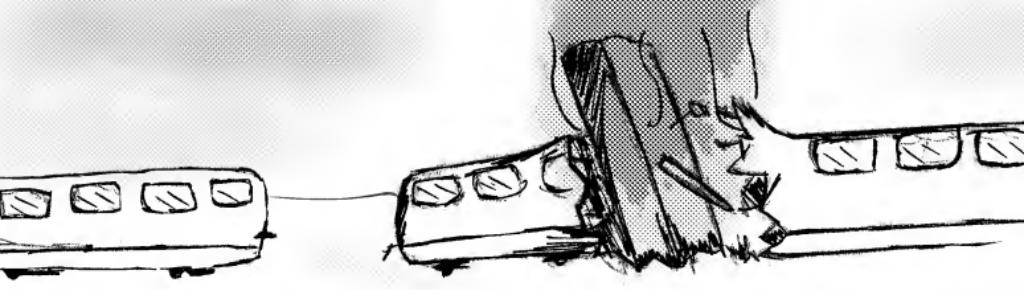
IF YOU HAVE
LIED TO ME,
STRANGER, THEN
WE WILL
MEET AGAIN.



WELL, THIS INDEED SOUNDS
INTERESTING AND PROMISING.



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NEXT ONE AT:
03 MAR

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